

^{10.} *Human Happiness.*

A Eng. Poem vol. 25

P O E M.

Adapted to the present Times.

With several other Miscellaneous Poems:
Consisting of Paraphrases, Tales, Epi-
tles, Imitations Epigrams, &c. never
before Printed.



L O N D O N,

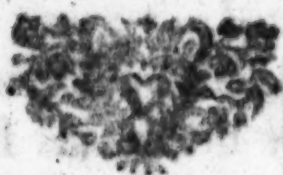
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Printed for T. JAMES at the Angel without Temple-
Bar, and J. ROBERTS at the Crown above St. Dun-
stons Church.



T O

Matthew Prior, Esq;

S I R,

T H I S Collection of
Poems I Dedicate
to You, as an ac-
knowledgment of
that Merit which is universal-
ly allow'd you. Your Fame is

A 2

so,

iv *The Dedication.*

so, deservedly, Great, that it will never Die: and as 'tis a *Name of Excellency*, on this Subject, that gives *Life to Poetry*: So *Tours* is mention'd, in the front of these Papers, the better to Recommend them.

. It is equally Difficult, for a Man to Establish a Reputation, in Poetical Performances, without the Influence of some Great Name, as it is for a Mariner to Steer his Vessel, without the Use of the Compass. He must infallibly Expect the greatest Hazards; and at the best be at great uncertainty: Happy and Uncommon is it

is some Y boy b' well for
of A

The Dedication. i v

for him safely to Arrive in the
wish'd for Harbour.

This, Sir, will make my A-
pology for my present Pre-
sumption, and whatever Fate
these Pieces may meet with,
which, I will venture to Say,
Contain a great many *Thoughts*
that are *New*. I have one Satis-
faction that Compensates my
Trouble. I should be Guilty
of Ingratitude, did I do other-
ways than acknowledge myself
under the Greatest *Obligation*
to You for many *singular Friend-*
ships: And I am doubly Hap-
py, that I have this opportu-
nity of Declaring it to the
World,

vi *The Dedication.*

World, at a time that Friendships are rarely to be found.
I desire You will please to Accept this Candid Declaration, with my Sincerest Thanks; and that You'll permit me, thus publicly, to Subscribe myself,

SIR,

Your most Obliged

and most Obedient

Humble Servant,

G. F.

THE

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UMMA Hopping

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On seeing a Black in Button's Coffee-House.

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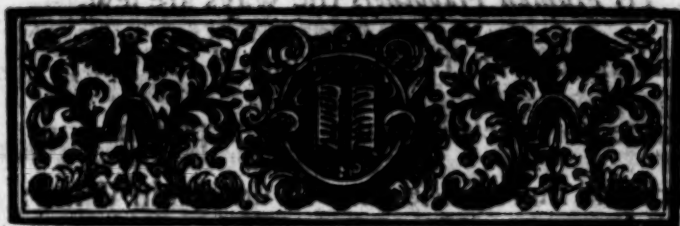
On

On Mr. Dennis's Smoking.

On the South-Sea.

On a Friend's Room. A Simile.

Upon my Mistress's



Human Happiness.

A

POEM.



WAKE, my Muse, in Strains melodious Show,

The winding tracks to Happiness below;
 The doubtful Paths that all Mankind must tread;
 And which, with Innocence, to Pleasure lead;
 The Rocks of Life to Ward with wakeful Care,
 To free the lab'ring Mind from dire Despair:
 The Mind Felicity, or Woe sustains,
 Here greatest Pleasures Center and the worst of Pains.

B

To

To *Human Happiness* the ways are few,
 And difficult to Trace, perplex'd to view;
 Dame Fortune's Favours we unconstant find,
 Are Still more fickle than th' uncertain Wind;
 The Impious Triumph, of their Stores possess,
 While Honest Merit Sits with penury oppress.

Since this is Mankind's Doom, (to this Resign'd,
 To Rules and Precepts is my task inclin'd;
 To throw off Sorrow, and preserve from Shame
 An Honest, Good, inviolable Name,
 This be my Theme, let this Inspire my Muse,
 Which with great Ardour true Felicity pursues.

If for the Court design'd, be just, sincere,
 In Paths of Virtue, early, manful Steer;
 Tho' here Hypocrisy sometimes prevails,
 There is a Season wherein Falshood fails;

Tho'

Tho' Flattery awhile th' Ascendant gains,
 It must be where a thoughtless Monarch Reigns:
 True Merit is above all Flatt'ry's pow'r,
 The Praises of the Base but sink it low'r;
 Like *India* Diamond bright it self alone,
 Needs not the Lustre of the *Bristol* Stone.
 The Flatterer best Princes soon disdain,
 To them Hypocrisy shall sue in Vain;
 'Tis Honesty alone by such we find,
 Advanc'd to Honour, and for State design'd.

Like to the Shining Sun, whose brighten'd Rays,
 All Nature Chear, and give us length of Days,
 The Noble Products of the Spring bring forth;
 So glorious Honesty's of equal worth.

If in the *Senate* you wou'd early shine,
 Great Qualities should in your Breast combine;

To Virtue true, and to your Country just,
 Discharge with Honour the whole Nation's trust;
 No Prince's Favour or his Frown should move,
 To quit your Duty, and your Country's Love;
 Betimes reject the Golden glitt'ring Bait,
 Laid by the Courtier, and th' Intrigues of State;
 An Honest Mind will no Reward desire,
 To do that Justice which the Laws require:
 The Patriot here Employ's his greatest Care,
 To ease his Country from impending War;
 Then Free as was his Choice he Speaks aloud,
 Nor Fears the Threatnings of the Base and Proud;
 Not Titles, Honours, can his mind allure,
 Nor any thing unjust his Voice procure;
 Refusing Bribery, to act for Gain,
 Or any Titles on vile Terms attain;
 For what are Honours, and a Pompous Show,
 We still are only Mortals here below.

As from some Dome, or Spire, exalted high,
 Like *Paul's* Great Fabrick, which Invades the Sky,
 The Gilded Chariot, and the Splendid Beau,
 The finest Equipage, and Gaudiest show,
 The Noblest Grandeur, which the Proud pursue,
 Are Trifles all to the protracted View;
 So what are these survey'd from Heights unknown,
 When th' Immortal God on Mortal Man looks Down.

If to *Theology* your Studies tend,
 Your Inclinations to sedateness bend;
 Be easy, Modest, and good Manner'd, free
 From Pride and Insolence, and Vanity;
 Let Errors be your Butt, the *Atheist* know,
 There is a God that Rules these Realms below;
 Let not Ambition e'er your Breast beguile,
 To hurt Religion for a Prince's Smile;

As

Let

Let all your Actions, Pious, Godly be,
 And with your Conscience let them still agree;
 No Storms of Fate shall then your Soul command,
 But in all Dangers you'll unshaken Stand.
 Like some tall Oak, which Husbandmen admire,
 Thus shall you Root, and thus to Heav'n aspire.

Priests are Protectors of a sinking State;
 But Ruin's sure if you excite their Hate ;
 Th' unwary Populace from them receive,
 Their binding Precepts, and by these they Live;
 Kings to obey, and sometimes to Dethrone,
 To set up one and others to pull down,
 Are common Tenets, which some Preachers use,
 Who scorn Obedience and their King refuse;
 If Disaffection they encline to Love,
 The greatest Enemies to Princes prove;
 In restless Factions they their Lives employ,
 With ev'ry opportunity destroy.

So (low conceal'd) in dark Sulphureous Veins,
 Lies *Aetna's* Fire, and there its strength retains,
 'Till some dire Blast upon the Mount is spent,
 And opes the Earth, and gives its fury vent ;
 Then Smoke, and Blaze, all dreadful Horrors
 spread,
 And the whole Country is in Ruin laid.

But Pious Priests, like shining Stars appear,
 Support all Governments, and Kings revere:

If to the Study of the *Law* you're prone,
 Here still will Honesty your Labours Crown;
 Be this alone your Task, in this you're sure,
 Just Right and Property for all secure ;
 No double Fees, or Cause dishonest, base,
 The Fair Practitioner will e'er Embrace ;

Be

Be Prudent, Diligent, Assiduous still,
 And let not Brib'ry tempt your Breast to Ill,
 No Orphans, Widows, shou'd your Fees undo,
 Nor like th' Hound the Coveted Game pursue;
 Th' alluring Coin's beneath your chiefest Care,
 For none more Miserable than Misers are:
 The Miser mis'rably his Bags preserves,
 Like *Tantalus* amidst his Plenty Starves.
 Let this just Maxim be well understood,
 There are no Actions like to doing Good;
 Then like *Astras* use the wholesome Laws,
 And let a Righteous Judgment end a Righteous
 Cause.

In turn, next *Physick* now Commands my Lays,
 This Noble Faculty requires my Praise;
 The scorching Feaver th' *Æsculapian's* Cure,
 Their worn out Patients little Pain endure;

Droopies

Dropsies, Consumptions, to their skill submit,
 The Raging Ague and the Burning Fit ;
 All fierce Diseases soon their Pow'r must own ;
 And airy Youths their various pains made known,
 Their Medicines, from Sporting ills relieve,
 And to the Genial parts fresh Vigour Give:
 Tho' strong the Doses, which the ails oppose,
 And a short Joy too oft has lasting Woes,
 The Youth more Jolly, and more fatten'd grows.

Thus have I seen a Barren sickly Soil,
 Reliev'd with Burnings, and by Farmer's Toil ;
 The Sours exhausted, and the Earth o'erlaid,
 For goodly Crops prepar'd, but soon decay'd.

The good Physician this his Glorious Fame,
 'Tis God Creates, and he preserves the Frame ;

Great is his Honour, but to Ill once bent,
 The Tyrant Death he'll Straitway Represent :
 His Bolus, Pills, his Draughts, and Potions all,
 Surely portend the Patient's Funeral,

Death is a Debt which all Mankind must Pay,
 We all are bound to see the Fatal Day;
 In vain are Fears, our Anxious Cares are lost,
 We all must Steer upon the gloomy Coast ;
 And Happy only's He, resolv'd to Run
 His Course, (nor dreads what he in Vain wou'd
 shun)
 Whose Thoughts beyond it, still Surmount his
 Fear,
 'Till the Sum of all his Hopes, th' Prospect's near
 He joyous views the Shore of endless Peace,
 And thanks his Great Creator for the kind
 Release.

If you for *Merchandize* are once design'd,
 Tho' Trade's your Business, be not Base in Mind;
 Nor Over-reach, Out-wit, nor Lie, nor Cheat,
 Nor shew the Hypocrite to be made Great;
 Let not the Custom of Deceit entice,
 To be Corrupted with vile Avarice;
 Take no Advantage against Honour's Cause
 Ev'n tho' you've Title by the Nation's Laws;
 Forge no Advices, Sink no Ships Abroad,
 Raise not your Fortune in the common Road;
 Of ought unlawful never long to Taste,
 And like a Rock your Riches then shall last.

In *Private Life*, 'tis Honesty prevails,
 This to bring Comfort in no station fails;
 With sound Philosophy your Mind endow'd,
 Not mean in Temper, in Behaviour Proud,

All turns of Fortune easy bear in Course,
 Nor think them ever than your Merit worse;
 No Adverse Changes let your Thoughts depress,
 Nor, prosp'ring well, be puff'd up with Success;
 An even Temper and a steady Mind,
 The Great Felicity of Life we find.
 Let Moderation in your Breast preside,
 And ev'ry Action let your Reason Guide;
 Indulge not Pleasures in a Youthful State,
 For these will Miseries betimes Create;
 Like Wine in Vessels, which are broach'd too
 soon,
 E'er half is Emptied, is the Spirit Gone;
 Thus Youths of Pleasure early are undone.
 'Tis happy if your Love to all extends,
 But few Acquaintance have, and fewer Friends;
 Use mod'rate Exercise, avoid Excess,
 Nor Eat Luxurious, Drink with Wantonness;

Pride,

Pride, Envy, Jealousy, these always Curb,
 And all the Passions which the Mind disturb;
 In Conversation strive not to Confute,
 And rather than hold out, yield up Dispute;
 Be Modest, Chearful, Airy, not too Gay,
 A due Obedience to Superiors Pay;
 Be Faithful to your Friends, to make no Foe
 In Praising Cautious, in Condemning slow;
 Speak well of Others, not the Absent blame,
 Nor ever Injure any Man's good Name.
 Let Love and Gratitude your Bosom warm;
 To Promise backward, ready to Perform;
 Then little Speak, but to the Purpose all,
 Refraining Banter, neither Jest nor Bawl;
 And shun the Quarrellous, these Mischiefs bring,
 For these you early may at *Tyburn* swing:
 The Rules of Honour hold, but still Prefer
 Your Life's Security, from this not Err.

Avoid

Avoid Temptations in the earliest times,
 And then with Safety you'll Escape all Crimes;
 Love's Passion is alone by absence Cur'd,
 And without Converse Wine no longer is endur'd;
 Next Gaming is the worst of Follies known,
 Success is Fatal, you're without undone.
 Be Secret, Diligent, be this your Praise,
 In Youth a necessary Fortune raise;
 The present time in all your Business use,
 Nor trifling Matters shou'd you once refuse;
 Consider well e'er You your Right resign;
 Observe these Rules, and Happiness is thine.

On *Friendship* never let your Breast rely,
 From Friends pretended you've the last Supply;
 When Pow'rs above begin to be our Foe,
 A Friend that's true we then can seldom know;

In vain the Man oppress'd shall seek Relief,
 In vain's his Strife to ease his Flood of Grief,
 The Iron Breast his modest Suit denies;
 Nor fair Requests, nor humble Plaints suffice;
 The Miser wretch unus'd to free from Pain,
 His Friend forgets, if not for Sordid Gain,
 Lords it, and hears his Sorrows with Disdain:
 Nought moves to Pity, Vain is all your Art,
 Oppression meets Oppression from the harden'd
 Heart.

'Tis *Slander* is the worst of Human Ills,
 Our Reputation, beyond Life, this Kills;
 From Qualities excelling, takes its Course,
 Produces Mischief with the strongest Force;
 Base Souls more Knowing than themselves Despise,
 And Lies and Scandals against these Devise;

In narrow Minds, but fill'd with Shame and Pride,
 This Sin of slander always does reside;
 The Man that understands the least we find,
 The soonest to Accuse the Generous Mind:
 The Proud, Conceited, will no Praises hear,
 Of others Merit, this they cannot bear.
 The Violence of Parties deeply wounds,
 Here Slander in its utmost scope abounds;
 The brazen Trumpet, with loud Scandal sounds:
 A Knave or Fool, or to the Rogue ally'd,
 Is he that Differs from the Strongest side.

Fame like to Shipping, of a stately Pride,
 The Taller, they in greater danger Ride,
 When most aspiring, when they're most compleat,
 The sooner on the Ocean overset:
 So Reputation, which some Years will cost,
 Is thus by Slander in a Moment lost.

By

By *vicious Females* we may truly say,
 Our Fame and Bodies too, too soon decay;
 The Snowy Bosom, and the Virgin bloom,
 The wanton Air, the vig'rous Swains consume;
 The ruddy Cheek, black Eye, and heaving Breast,
 And Coral Lips, give no, no peaceful, Rest;
 The Lilly Hand, White Skin, and auborn Hair,
 And ev'ry Beauty which adorns the Fair;
 Fine Limbs conceal'd, no blisful Pleasure bring,
 But leave behind them a more fatal Sting:
 They their Resemblance to some Dungeon ow,
 The Fabrick Beautiful, but fowl below,
 Where Ruin'd Mortals greatest Sorrow know.

If Heat of Youth prevail, and Lustful Thoughts,
 Then Venture at a *Wife* with all her Faults:
 And here your Judgment You will not Abuse,
 If You the Female which I Name shall chuse.

D

Agreeable,

By

Agreeable, not Beauteous, Brown or Fair,
 Chuse such a Female, (such their Numbers are)
 Of Virtue let her be, Genteel and Gay,
 Have some Good Sense, some Wit, but little say;
 Be Modest, Free, well Bred, and never Rude,
 And neither let her be Coquet nor Prude;
 Good Natur'd, Humble, Easy to Comply,
 And who to serve You will her self deny;
 Be sure her Humour yours exactly fit,
 Not Contradictious, one who'll soon Submit:
 From Passion, Vice, and every weakness free,
 Of steady Temper, always True to Thee;
 A Secret let her keep, if Woman can;
 Then happy is thy Choice, O Mortal Man.

This is the Female which all Men wou'd Love,
 And of her Virtues shall the best approve;

But

But some to One alone will not Confine,
 Nor all their Pleasure to one Fair resign;
 A Married State they furiously disdain,
 And all these Qualities with them are vain,
 Their Liberty in Love they always Prize,
 And sober Dictates still these Youths Despise;
 These Libertines, beyond advising, Great
 To this Compare the Matrimonial State:
 'Tis like approaching to some dang'rous Coast,
 Where few Succeed, but Great the Numbers lost;
 The Entrance Guarded with such Rocks, such
 Steeps,
 And Sands, below are such unfathom'd Deeps;
 That in each bold Attempt, the first Essay,
 'Tis odds by Storms, but you are cast away:
 Then Keep but Single, and You've Sea Room
 clear,
 To Ride the Tempest, and from Danger steer.

Next *Jealousy's* the greatest Bane of Life,
 From Jealousy arises fatal Strife ;
 When this is prevalent, all Ills Succeed,
 Friends by the Hands of Friends, and Brethren
 Bleed ;
 Mistrusts, and Doubts, and Fears, the Mind
 surround,
 And in this Circle ev'ry Misery's found ;
 On bare Suspicion are the Passions rais'd,
 And wrongful those Condemn'd, who once were
 Prais'd ;
 The Friend's a Villain, and the Wife's a Whore,
 Both are abandon'd, and turn'd out of Door :
 The Jealous meet ye with a dire Surprise,
 And Ills portentuous in their Minds arise,
 They think each One with deep Design comes on,
 And longs to have some Flagrant Mischief done :
 Still Thoughts and Thoughts, and Doubts and
 Doubts renew,
 Their sad Destruction they have strait in View,
With

With direful agony the Bosom glows,
 And ev'ry Anxious Pain, repeated, grows;
 Till by Degrees of Thought, the Passion burns,
 Mischief on Mischief with full Tides returns,
 Themselves or others then we sadly see,
 Must fall a Sacrifice to Jealousy.

So Poison lurking in the Languid Veins,
 Soon spreads its Venom, and to height attains;
 Its fatal Progress, strait the Breast annoys,
 And Ravaging all o'er at length Destroy's.

These Ills I've shewn to this, this good Intent,
 That still th' unwary may the Crimes prevent;
 Avoid the Dangers, which these Passions Great,
 To Human Happiness and Peace create.
 And thus have I Display'd my Precepts bold,
 The Good and Evil with great plainness told;

My

My Labours to a Period brought, my Muse,
 Shall now Describe the State of *Life* I'd Chuse.

In dear *Retirement* is a Life well Spent,
 With moderate Fortune, but with Great Content;
 One Hundred Pounds a Year, or less would do
 For Persons Single, and for Married Two;
 Beneath the Burthen of the Fortune Great,
 No Crowds of Servants at my Back shou'd wait;
 Above the trouble of the station Low,
 I never wou'd the Parish Office know;
 No *South-Sea Cares* shou'd e'er my Soul Perplex,
 No Anxious Sorrows shou'd my Temper vex:
 Three Months o'th' Year I'd to the Town resign,
 And in the Country Spend the other Nine;
 The Seat of Residence I'd make my own,
 That's near some Village or some Market Town,

In a warm Soil, not flat, nor low, nor high,
 With Shades and Groves adorn'd to please the
 Eye:

Three Rooms my Mansion shou'd have on each
 Floor,

And with a Family is better Four,

Convenient Offices, a Cellar deep,

And there a Stock of Wine, not Great, I'd keep:

An avenue of Trees my House shou'd Grace,

Thro' which I could Discover just the Place;

Behind a Garden with fine Greens repleat,

Of ev'ry sort, and kept in Order neat;

A Study at the End I'd have, tho' Small,

Few Books it should contain, but useful all;

Then Happy is the Choice if near some Wood,

And Gliding Stream, this useful Mansion
 stood;

Three

Three Days each Week I'd well in Study spend,
 Another three shou'd Exercise attend;
 And to Religion I'd the Seventh Commend :
 Good Conversation shou'd some Hours employ,
 No Bosom Friends I'd have, lest these Destroy ;
 My Children I wou'd Love, if any such,
 My Wife the same, but nothing over-much ;
 And when the pointed Hour of Death draws near,
 Serene and Calm, and undisturb'd with Fear,
 With Thanks to Heav'n, I'd then in Peace resign,
 And be no more as if I ne'er had been.
 Thus like the Swan should I expiring Sing,
 And as a Dove, my Soul, to Heav'nly Bliss take
 Wing.





Miscellany Poems, Tales, &c.



The Funeral of CLOE. A Fragment.

In the Stanza and Measure of SPENSER.

I.



H E R E on a Bier the lifeless Body's
plac'd,

Full Pale and piteous to the Mournful
View ;

That Form which once with ev'ry Beauty
grac'd

Shin'd forth, is now alas of gasty Hue ;

Those Eyes that glitter'd like the Planets bright,

E

And

And Cheeks as Ruddy as the Morning Gay,
 Are Sunk, all Nature is a woeful Sight,
 When Life is gone, when Life is past away ;
 And *Cloe's* Heav'nly Charms return to Lump of
 Clay.

II.

Ah, where are now those Lips, that od'rous
 Breath !

The Lilly's whiteness, and the Rose's bloom,
 The Heaving Bosom now is lost in Death,
 Death which can Beauty in a trice consume ;
 The Soul thus fled, the Fair no more excites,
 Or tempts the Youth, or Warms his am'rous
 Breast,

Nought but the Worms the fairest Corps invites,
 When with the unkind Earth its Frame is prest,
 And to the mouldring Grave it Sinks for lasting
 Rest.

To

III.

To Spacious Room, the Obsequies are born,
 Of Sable hue with Tapers lighted high,
 Prepar'd for Dearest Friends her loss to Mourn,
 And pitty *Cloe* was thus Doom'd to Dye;
 A silent Woe is seen, and Floods of Tears
 Run trickling down each lovely Female Face;
 A solemn Aw throughout the Room appears,
 And Fun'ral Pomp in all its Pride takes place;
 For loss of *Cloe* thus Cut off from Human Race.

IV.

The Mourning Hearse, with Scutcheons
 hung around,
 And tow'ring Plumes, is brought in awful
 State;
 The tolling Bell, Death's Musick's baleful
 sound,
 Is now the Signal on the Corps to wait;

The Hearse receives the sad, the last Remains
 Of beauteous *Cloe*, this alas we see!
 To Coffin there Confin'd, but eas'd from Pains,
 Embark'd in Vessel for Eternity;
 And by Death's earthly Power we're Destin'd to
 be free.

V.

Now Coaches num'rous on the Hearse attend,
 And make Procession through the Crowded
 Street,
 Each fill'd with some Relation or some Friend
 Who there as Mourners, o'er her Ashes, meet
 Around the Flambeaus with their glaring Light
 The Corps thus Carried near the Dreary
 Grave,
 And all Spectators view the doleful Sight,
 A Scutcheon from the Sable Hearse the
 Crave;
 Since none from Mortal Doom can the Fair *Cloe*
 Save.

Th

VL.

The Service o'er, the Coarse at length is
brought,

The Pall supported by Six goodly Friends,

With Sighs and Sorrow to the gaping Vault,

And here the Ceremony woeful Ends:

The Coffin now with Decency is plac'd,

In Death's dark Room, beneath the Marble
Floor,

There meet all Human Race, there Sleep their
Last,

The Grave all Mortals does in time Devour;

And there our Ashes ly 'till Time shall be no
more.



Part of Psalm the Eighth Paraphras'd.

HOW excellent is thy great Name on Earth,
Almighty God, who gav'st to all things
Birth;

Who by thy Pow'r hast form'd th' azure Sky,

The Sun and Moon and spangling Stars on High;
Celestial

Celestial Bodies in the Firmament,
The Orbs Ethereal of immense extent,
The Ruling Elements, transparent Air,
Created Heav'n and Earth so wond'rous fair ;
So useful, and above all Human Sense ;
How are thy Works admir'd, and Providence ?
The mighty Sun its Course perpetual bends,
And from the Earth an Annual Product sends ;
The Moon upon the Waters bears its sway,
The Stars guide Trav'lers in an unknown way ;
Fat Sheep and Oxen on the verdant Plain,
For use and Nutriment of Man are Slain ;
Beasts, Fowls, and Fish that thro' the Riv'lets
Glide,
Th' unfathom'd Deep, in Ponds immur'd reside ;
The Vinous Juice, that Cheers the Heart,relieves,
And Fruit delicious which Refreshment gives ;
The Trees, the sturdy Oaks, O, Man are thine,
All these his Works does God to thee resign :
This,

This, this, we must Confess, aloud proclaim,
O Lord how Excellent on Earth is thy great
Name.



On WATER-GRUEL.

HA I L, Sov'reign Med'cine, Health's pre-
servative!

By thy Assistance 'tis to Age we Live;

Thou coolst the Vitals and the boiling Blood,

And helpst Digestion of the strongest Food;

O would great *Esculapius* Sons but own,

The Num'rous Virtues, which in thee are known;

Then would they greatest part of Mankind save,

That by their Potions now are doom'd the Grave:

Let me each morning (not for sporting Sin)

With cooling Draughts, and Exercise begin;

From Nauseous Physick then shall I be free,

And live to Age blest with activity;

Bar

Bar deadly Feavers, such Diseases Cruel,
And soundest Health possess by Water-Grubel.



The PHYSICIAN *and* PATIENT.

A TALE.

IN Country Town there lately dwell'd
A Doctor Old, who all Excell'd;
His Studies were, by time, mature,
For all Diseases he cou'd Cure;
He Gallon well did understand,
Had *Aristotle* at Command;
The Virtues of all Herbs he knew,
And Drugs could Name at the first View;
He Master was of Physick's Trade
Like to great *Mead* and famous *Cade*;
But one small Failing he had still,
He'd Drink, and then He'd sometimes Kill.

To

To this fam'd Doctor Fee is giv'n;
 To Cure, or send a Youth to Heav'n;
 A Youth with living fast decay'd,
 Whose Vitals did sad ails invade;
 Sunk were his Eyes, his Cheeks wou'd Mourn,
 His Legs like Sticks, his Shoulders worn;
 Consum'd his Flesh, his Joints were slack,
 And very Feeble was his Back;
 A Drowth within like raging Fire,
 And nought remain'd but weak Desire.
 This Youth was to the Doctor brought,
 Who strait Determin'd without Thought,
 Would End his Ails, he was assur'd,
 In dire Consumption if not Cur'd.
 This to his Fav'rite Aunt was told,
 Who gave, before, the Doctor Gold;
 And said if long the Youth shou'd Live,
 A Hundred Pounds she'd further Give.

To

F

The

The Doctor now, well Fee'd, began,
 To shew his Art and Skill on Man;
 Few Bolus's and Pills he us'd,
 But many healing Draughts, infus'd;
 With Tinctures, Powders, Cooling Doses,
 And Medicines that preserve Noses,
 Much Exercise, and proper Diet,
 From Business free, and Passion quiet,
 In three Month's time the Youth restor'd,
 And made him Sound as any Lord.
 The Cure perform'd, his Aunt with speed,
 Paid down the Sum she had agreed;
 With great Content her Nephew saw,
 The sight, with Joy, some Tears did draw,
 To see his Flesh encros'd so well,
 Her Breast did greatest Transport feel.
 But now the Doctor, weary grown,
 Whom *Bacchus* Rul'd, and call'd his own;

When

When once the Youth his Cure had tried,
 With Female Fair (but not a Bride)
 He took him to a Tavern near,
 Which Wine afforded, and strong Beer;
 Here, Vinous Juice the Youth suck'd down,
 (With Draughts inspiring merry grown,)
 He Healths Drank off, and Bumpers great,
 The Doctor with his Patient set;
 Till both the Senior and the Youth,
 Said that in Wine there was much Truth;
 And now their Heads began to turn,
 And with the Wine their Art'ries Burn;
 They both were near allied to Brutes,
 The Doctor Scolds, the Youth Sallutes.
 So in great *Bethlem* you may see,
 Two Lunaticks thus disagree,
 At length the Youth with Wine o'er fill'd,
 Flat on the Ground unmanly reel'd;

The Doctor by the Board held up,
 Still sat and Drank the other Cup,
 The Aunt who had her Nephew lost,
 Now to the Tavern Strait did Post,
 In greatest haste, and deadly Fear,
 For that the News had reach'd her Ear:
 She now the Doctor did Engage,
 With Passion strong and Female Rage.
 Is this (says She) the only way,
 You have my Fav'rite Youth to Slay;
 The Sword, or Gun, or Pistol's force,
 Are better far than this vile Course;
 My Nephew, on the Ground thus spread,
 Is by your Hands, not Cur'd, but Dead;
 What in three Months you've lately done,
 Is now again to be begun,
 Now in a Moment's Space is Lost,
 The former Cure and all its Cost:

O were

O were You in his State, I'd then,
 Disdainful use the worst of Men,
 The Doctor *patiently* this bore,
 And to the Lady said no more;
 Than that it was a usual Cast,
 And known to ev'ry Country Last;
 A Tinker still with Courage bold,
The Vessel mends, when tries will hold.

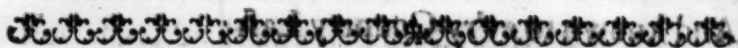


A

Epigrams



Epigrams, Epistles, &c.



Over a Physician's Door.



Quack within this Mansion lives,

Who to his Patients Poison gives ;

By Killing, Wealth and Grandeur gains,

And thus the *Hearse* his *Coach* maintains.



On seeing a Black at Button's Coffee-House.

AT Buttons Fops and Wits, and Fools and
Beaus,

I've often met with, you may well suppose ;

And Politicians who their aid implore ;

But never did I see the Devil there before.

On Mr. Dennis's Smoking.

SIR, cease your Smoking, which Exhausts
your Fire,

A Critick's Sense shou'd not in Smoke expire:

Let Bacchus only cheer your tuneful Lays,

Then Charm, like Dryas, in your latest Days.

On the SOUTH-SEA.

IN other Seas have some their Ruin met,

But thou, we fear, wilt Nations overset.

On Statesmen. A Simile.

STATESMEN like Snakes, in Meadows seen

In various Shapes, they Twist, and when

Like them they're parted, they'll unite again.

G

Upon

Upon my Mistress.

AS Anthony for Cleopatra kind,
A Negro Beauty, the whole World
resign'd;

So E—~~—~~ brown beyond the World I prize,
And all Mankind must still adore her Eyes.

On Desire in Love.

DEsire's Encrease, to Change of Love we owe
As Flow'rs transplanted still more strong
will grow.

On a Woman's Lap.

TO Female's Lap all Men must Yield,
Against this Part there is no Shield.

The

The Popish PENANCE.

IF Flogging be a Penance just,
 'Tis not for Piety, but Lust;
 The Maiden Stript, her snowy Bum,
 The Priest surveys for Martyrdom;
 Her nether Cheeks, he Lashes o'er,
 They Blush, the Female craves for more;
 He then lays on, (with vast delight,)
 She Twists, exposes All to Sight;
 With artful struggle She reveals,
 What modest Virgin still conceals;
 The Priest is fir'd, all Charms he views,
 Lays by his Rod, his Game pursues;
 The Fair one now he need not Court,
 They Both are fitted for the Sport.

On a Fine LADY Stung with a BEE.

O Fatal Sting! thy Bright and Heavenly
Face,
Expos'd to Vengeance of an Insect Race;
Must beauteous *Celia* th' airy Foe provoke,
The Fair one Swell without one pow'rful Stroke?
Those blooming Cheeks appear at once to Sight
Deform'd; and hap by little Insect's might?
Unjust this wou'd be Charg'd on daring Bee,
If many Swains were not Stung home by Thee.

The Force and Charms of Beauty.

THE Charms of Beauty with this Force
prevail,
They Heroes Conquer when best Armies fight;
And Kings are Slaves if they, in form, Assail.

To Mrs. FOWKE, with the Se-
cond Volume of My Lives of the
POETS.

TO you, fair *Clio*, I this Volume send,
My labour'd Work to you I Recommend;
Accept the Present, ponder o'er these Lives,
For each to *Clio* some Instruction gives.
Great *Milton's* strains Sublimity Excite,
And *Spenser's* Fancy guides the soaring Flight;
Great *Prior's* Page with Lines harmonious Swells,
And *Congreve's* Sweetness, *Ovid's* Art excells;
Pope's flowing Numbers, *Lansdown's* Wit and
Fire,
And Skill of *Buckingham*, these all inspire;
To touch the Harp and String thy tuneful Lyre.

Read

Read these well thro', then Write, then Draw,
Design,

And all their Talents in thy Verse will Shine;
Th' immortal Lives, if Right I can foresee,
Will then be Images of great Soul, of Thee.

Go on, thou *Sappho* of this Isle in Fame,
Clio than *Sappho* is a greater Name;
In easy Numbers, but with Rapture rise,
And add a Star to the Poetick Skies,
More Bright and Radiant than thy Conqu'ring
Eyes.
The Noble *Lesbians* on their Coin impress'd
The Form of *Sappho*, which their Isle possess'd
Ovid and *Horace* did this Fair commend,
But by *Thy Works* alone thy Fame shall never
End.

A Farewell to **POETRY.**

Farewell, my Muse, no more those Fields
survey,

Which open to the sight the *Alpian* way ;

Th' attempt is Fruitless e'er to Climb this Height,

Without Materials to Enlarge the Flight:

Content I'll therefore be, that once I've tried,

The *Heliconian* Plain and Mount to stride,

But Prudent in Pursuit, I now give o'er,

and quit the *Tempter* whilst within my Pow'r

like to some Youth that Climbs the tow'ring
Spire,

Who fears the Labours of approaching high'r ;

lim'rous each painful Foot he puts before,

but moving forward still he trembles more,

And

And wanting Courage to pursue his Cause,
 Rejoices in Reeling where he was:

So my weak Muse, to Shun the Danger all,
 Chuses a Station Low, and not on High to Fall
 Atwell, my Muse, no more those Fields
 Survey,

Which open to the sight the Alpine way;
 An attempt is made to climb this Height,
 Without Materials to Enlarge the Flight;
 Content I'll therefore be, that once I've tried,

The Heliconian Plain, and not to slide,
 In Fountains in Pursuit, give o'er;

And quench the flame, and give the
 Ke to loose, and give the
 Spins
 To start the
 From each pain
 Moving for water in the temple more,

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